
STARMAN
No. 98
JUNE...JULY
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
Adventure
COMICS
10¢
"HERO of DREAMS"
ANOTHER THRILLING
SANDMAN
STORY!

Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER
Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK
Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise", etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK
Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

BESS B. LANE
Educational Director
United Parents Associations

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN
Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES
Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE
Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY U.S.N.R.
Former World's Heavyweight
Boxing Champion
Member, Executive Board
New York Boy Scout Foundation

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL FUNNY COMICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
DETECTIVE COMICS
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
REAL SCREEN FUNNIES
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



ADVENTURE COMICS No. 86 June July 1943. Published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc. 670 Duffield Ave. at Lewis Mo. Editorial Offices, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. V. M. Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $.75 including postage. Entire contents copyrighted 1943 by Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feiker & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U. S. A.


The SANDMAN
in "HERO OF DREAMS!"
HE'S A GREAT FELLOW, IS TIMOTHY QUIVER! HE'S THE STRONGEST, BRAVEST, AND SMARTEST LAD THAT EVER TRACKED A VILLAIN TO HIS LAIR—IN HIS DREAMS! TROUBLE IS, TIMOTHY CAN'T ALWAYS DREAM! REAL DANGER CROWDS HIM INTO A CORNER AND GETS HIM INTO A JAM—A JAM THAT ONLY SANDMAN, MASTER OF BOTH DREAMS AND REALITY, CAN WORK OUT WITH A HAPPY ENDING AND A DIVIDEND OF HAPPINESS!
POOR FOOLS, LET THEM HAVE THEIR FUN! IF THEY ONLY KNEW THAT THEY'RE COMPLETELY AT MY MERCY!

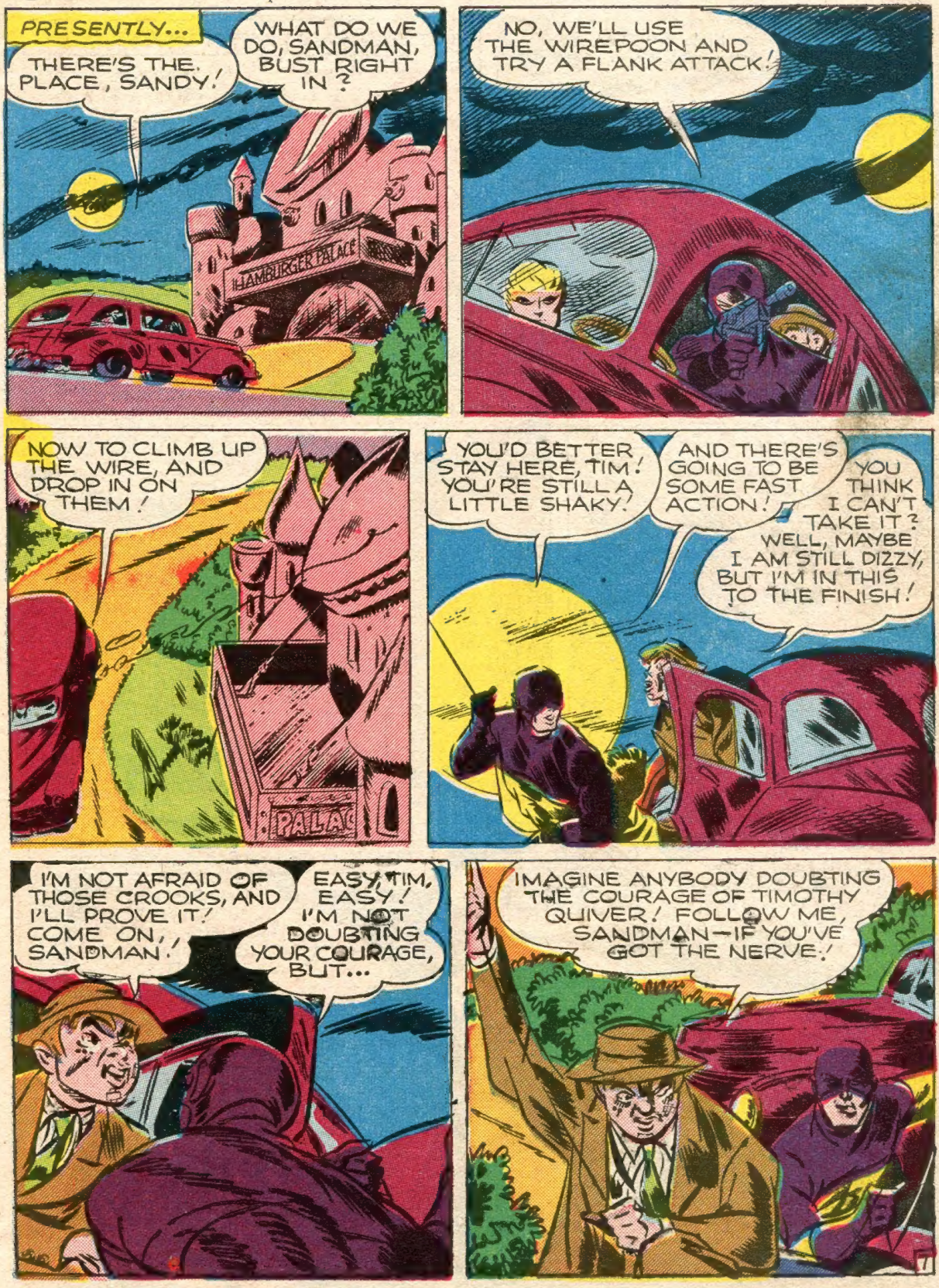

SELLING GUNS IS TIMOTHY QUIVER'S JOB...
SO THIS NEW ELEPHANT-GUN WILL DROP A CHARGING BULL ELEPHANT IN TEN YARDS, EH? I DON'T BELIEVE IT.!
WELL, THAT'S WHAT THE MANU-FACTURERS CLAIM! PERSON-ALLY, I'D HATE TO HAVE MY LIFE DEPEND ON IT.!
SO WOULD I.! GOOD DAY.!
THAT FOOL, QUIVER, HAS RUINED ANOTHER SALE.!
YOU NINCOMPOOP, HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO SELL A WEAPON IF YOU YOURSELF HAVE NO CONFIDENCE IN IT?
BUT, MR. STOVER, I WAS ONLY BEING HONEST.!
BAH, YOU WERE BEING STUPID! ONE MORE SUCH INCIDENT, QUIVER, AND YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB.!
MAYBE THAT'LL BE BEST FOR ME AFTER ALL! I'VE NEVER TOLD MR. STOVER, BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF GUNS!
AND YET, IN MY DAY-DREAMS, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF COURAGE.!
WUXTRY, WUXTRY! SANDMAN PICKS UP TRAIL OF RIDDLE GANG!
NOW, TAKE GANGSTERS FOR INSTANCE! SOME PEOPLE ARE SCARED TO DEATH OF THEM... EVEN SANDMAN AND SANDY ARE PRETTY CAUTIOUS ABOUT TACKLING THEM... BUT NOT I... IN MY DREAMS...
2


AND AS TIMOTHY QUIVER AMBLES UP THE STREET..
WHY, THERE ARE RUSTY RIDDLE AND HIS GANG RIGHT NOW!
AND THERE ARE SANDMAN AND SANDY!
YOUR BRAIN MUST BE RUSTY, AS WELL AS YOUR HAIR!
ARGH
YEAH? YOUR BRAIN AIN'T NUTTIN' TA BRAG ABOUT, EIDER, SANDMAN!
AHAHAHA...
HMMM... SANDMAN AND SANDY AREN'T DOING SO WELL! GUESS I'D BETTER LEND A HAND!
TAKE A REST, BOZO... TIM QUIVER'S A TOUGH GUY TO ARGUE WITH!
WHAT KIND OF A GUY IS DIS? HE DON'T MIND BEIN' HIT!


I DON'T MIND... BUT YOU TWO 'DO!
YIII..!
LOOK, SANDY, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
THAT FELLOW BEAT UP ALL THOSE CROOKS SINGLE-HANDED!
TUT, TUT, SANDMAN, DON'T EMBARRASS ME!
REALLY, THIS IS NOTHING... YOU SHOULD SEE ME SOME TIME WHEN I EXERT MYSELF!
WHY, THE MAN'S UNBELIEV-ABLE!
THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYBODY LIKE HIM! WAIT TILL THE NEWSPAPERS GET HOLD OF THIS!
GREAT WORK, TIMOTHY—YOU'RE A NERVY LITTLE LAD, ALL RIGHT! AND THERE'S NO END TO WHAT YOU COULDN'T DO IF ONLY THE WORLD WERE MADE OF DAY-DREAMS! TROUBLE IS, IT ISN'T!
AND LATER THAT DAY, WHEN TIM CONFRONTS THE REAL THING...
SANDMAN AND SANDY CHASING RUSTY RIDDLE'S GANG, JUST THE WAY I IMAGINED!
AND NOW FOR THE TEST! DOES TIMOTHY PLUNGE BOLDLY INTO THE THICK OF THE FRAY TO MATCH THE MIGHTY FEATS OF HIS DREAMING MIND? ALAS...
OH, DEAR... DANGER! I'M HIDING!
OUTTA ME WAY, SAP! DE SANDMAN'S AFTER US!
OOOO!


YIII..DON'T HIT ME!
HEY!
LEGGO, YOU SAP... YIIII..!
HELP!
MOMENTS LATER...
AFRAID THEY LOST US IN THAT ALLEYWAY, SANDY! BUT LOOK...THIS FELLOW'S CAUGHT A PRISONER!
YES, AND HE'S HURT! I GUESS THEY'RE BOTH HOSPITAL CASES, SANDMAN!
HOSPITAL CASES THEY ARE, AND PRESENTLY...
OOOO... I MUST BE DEAD! I'M AFRAID TO OPEN MY EYES! WONDER IF I'LL SEE ANGELS WITH HARPS...
WHY, I'M IN A HOSPITAL! AND THERE'S THAT THUG...
OUTTA... ME...WAY... GOTTA...GET... TO...PALACE... ONIONS...UGH...
JUST THEN...
SANDMAN AND SANDY!
HELLO, PAL! QUITE A STRUGGLE YOU HAD WITH THAT MUGG ...BUT THE DOCTOR TELLS ME YOU'RE NOT BADLY HURT!
THAT'S RIGHT, SANDMAN! JUST A FEW BRUISES... NOTHING TO KEEP HIM IN BED ANY LONGER!
JUST A FEW BRUISES? GOSH, I FEEL DIZZY... BUT I BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING, OR THEY'LL THINK I'M SOFT!


GLAD TO HEAR HE'S DOING SO WELL! BUT HOW ABOUT THIS THUG, DOCTOR?
HE'LL RECOVER, SANDMAN... BUT HE HASN'T COME TO, YET!
THAT'S BAD! WE WERE COUNTING ON HIS GIVING US A LEAD TO RUSTY'S HIDEOUT...
HUH..? MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, SANDMAN!
I HEARD HIM TALKING IN HIS SLEEP... HE SAID SOME THING ABOUT A PALACE!
A PALACE? HMM... PALACE! NO, I GUESS THAT DOESN'T MEAN MUCH!
GOSH, I'M SORRY, BUT THAT'S ALL THE CLUE I CAN GIVE YOU! AFTER THAT, HE STARTED RAMBLING ABOUT ONIONS...
WHAT? DID YOU SAY "ONIONS?"
THERE'S A BIG BUILDING KNOWN AS THE HAMBURGER PALACE ON A HIGHWAY LEADING OUT OF TOWN! IT WAS BUILT SEVERAL YEARS AGO, AND THEN DESERTED! MAYBE WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT IT!
WANT TO COME ALONG, TIM, AND SEE THE FINISH OF RUSTY AND HIS GANG? THE DOC SAYS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
T-THANKS, SANDMAN! G-GUESS SO!
SANDMAN THINKS I TACKLED THAT CROOK INTENTIONALLY... I-I'VE GOT TO BE BRAVE THIS TIME, IF IT KILLS ME!
6


PRESENTLY...
THERE'S THE PLACE, SANDY!
WHAT DO WE DO, SANDMAN, BUST RIGHT IN?
HAMBURGER PALACE
NO, WE'LL USE THE WIREPOON AND TRY A FLANK ATTACK!
NOW TO CLIMB UP THE WIRE, AND DROP IN ON THEM!
YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE, TIM! YOU'RE STILL A LITTLE SHAKY!
AND THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME FAST ACTION!
YOU THINK I CAN'T TAKE IT? WELL, MAYBE I AM STILL DIZZY, BUT I'M IN THIS TO THE FINISH!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF THOSE CROOKS, AND I'LL PROVE IT! COME ON, SANDMAN!
EASY, TIM, EASY! I'M NOT DOUBTING YOUR COURAGE, BUT...
IMAGINE ANYBODY DOUBTING THE COURAGE OF TIMOTHY QUIVER! FOLLOW ME, SANDMAN—IF YOU'VE GOT THE NERVE!


I'LL SHOW YOU...
BUT SUDDENLY, WITH THE RETURN OF REASON...
I'LL PROVE THAT... WHERE AM I ?
OH, OH... NOW I'VE DONE IT! I CAN'T FACE THOSE CROOKS—WHAT'LL I DO ?
HELP, SANDMAN, HELP!
WHAT...? THIS IS NO TIME TO LOSE YOUR NERVE... KEEP ON MOVING, TIM!
UNEXPECTEDLY, AROUSED BY TIM'S SHRIEKS FOR HELP...
DA SANDMAN, JUST WHERE WE WANT HIM! DIS IS LIKE SHOOTIN' DUCKS IN A BARREL!
THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US... AND WE'RE HELPLESS!
KEEP CLIMBING UP, IDIOT! MOVE!
CRACK!
BUT AS TIM FREEZES TO THE SPOT, SANDMAN'S GOLDEN-CLAD COMPANION MAKES A DESPERATE MOVE...
WE'RE IN A SPOT, SO THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO...
CRACK!
SNIP!


AND THAT'S ATTACK!
YIII...
THIS ISN'T AS BIG A SURPRISE AS WE PLANNED, BUT IT'LL DO!
HELP!
OWWW..! DON'T SANDMAN
THEY MUST BE TOO BUSY TO BOTHER ABOUT ME! HOPE I CAN MAKE IT!
WHEW! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!
BUT EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW!.. WHOOPS! I SLIPPED!
HEY!
T'ANKS, CHUM, FER KEEPIN' SANDMAN BUSY!
UP WID DA MITTS, SANDMAN!
GEE, BUT I'M DIZZY!

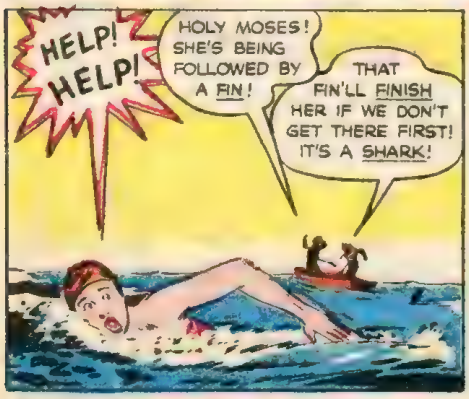

OR I WOULDN'T BE IMAGINING I SEE THINGS IN FRONT OF ME... LIKE GUNS!
DA GUY'S OFF HIS HEAD!
TIM CERTAINLY CAUGHT HIM BY SURPRISE THAT TIME!
NOW TO FINISH YOU OFF!
AAAAAAgg...
SHORTLY, AFTER THE FINAL ROUNDUP, WITH TIM RECOVERING AT THE HOSPITAL...
THANKS FOR DROPPING IN, SANDMAN AND SANDY! I FEEL A LOT BETTER NOW—
AND SO DO I! WHEN I THINK OF US HANGING ON THAT WIRE WITH BULLETS WHIZZING ALL AROUND, I GET NERVOUS!
THEN I DIDN'T DREAM ABOUT THAT... IT REALLY HAPPENED? BUT GOSH, SANDMAN, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF GUNS... AND THE ONLY TIME I'VE EVER BEEN A HERO IS IN MY DAY-DREAMS!
WELL, THIS TIME YOU WERE A HERO IN REAL LIFE!
GEE, SANDMAN, I DON'T THINK I'M AFRAID OF GUNS ANYMORE...
YES, SIR, SELLING GUNS IS TIMOTHY QUIVER'S BUSINESS! AND NOW...
MISTER, THIS GUN IS SO GOOD THAT IT'LL STOP A LION'S SPRING AND DROP HIM DEAD RIGHT AT YOUR FEET!
WONDERFUL! I'LL TAKE IT!
HMM... QUIVER'S A NEW MAN THESE DAYS! GUESS I'LL GIVE HIM A RAISE!
TheFred

ADVERTISEMENT

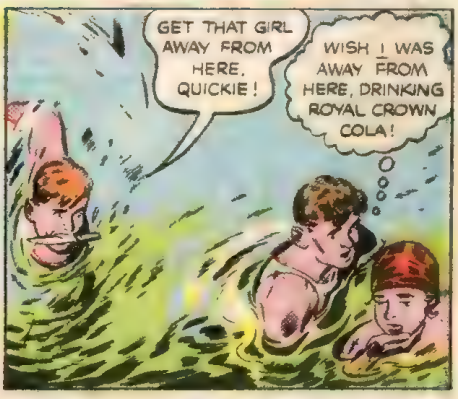
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

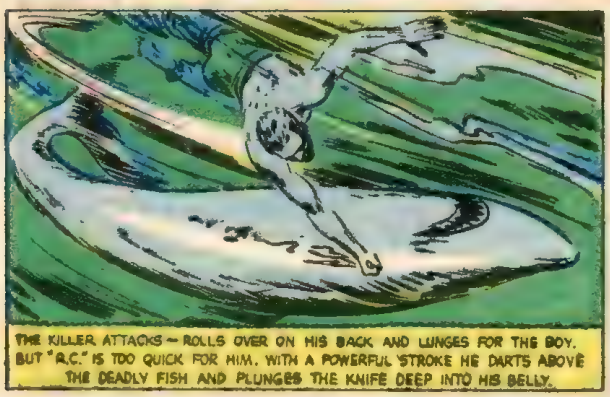


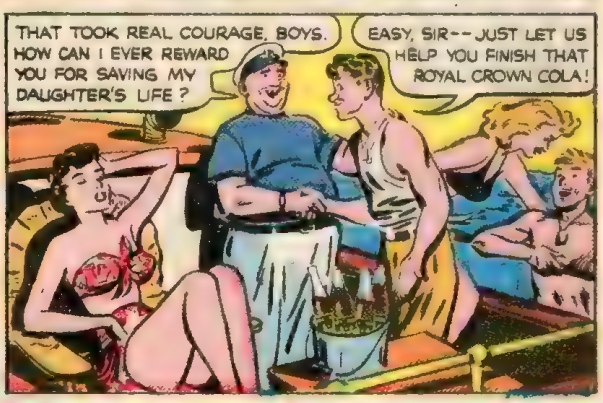


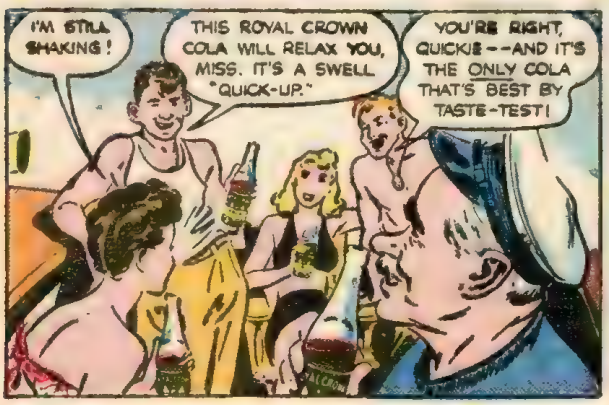














STARMAN

WHEN A CRIME-PUZZLE BECOMES A BIT TOO CONFUSING, STARMAN TURNS TO HIS HOBBY... THE STUDY OF THE STARS! AND THOUGH HE KNOWS THAT ASTRONOMY IS FULL OF PERPLEXING PUZZLES, TOO, HE NEVERTHELESS RUNS ACROSS ONE ASTRAL RIDDLE WHICH HELPS HIM **SOLVE** HIS PURELY EARTHLY PROBLEM... AND SETS HIM ON THE DEADLY, DANGER-FILLED TRAIL OF...

"TWIN STARS OF CRIME!"

AS STARMAN HOVERS OVER A SLEEPING CITY, ON THE ALERT AGAINST CRIME...

THERE'S SOMETHING STIRRING DOWN THERE... AND IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A RAT THAN A MOUSE!

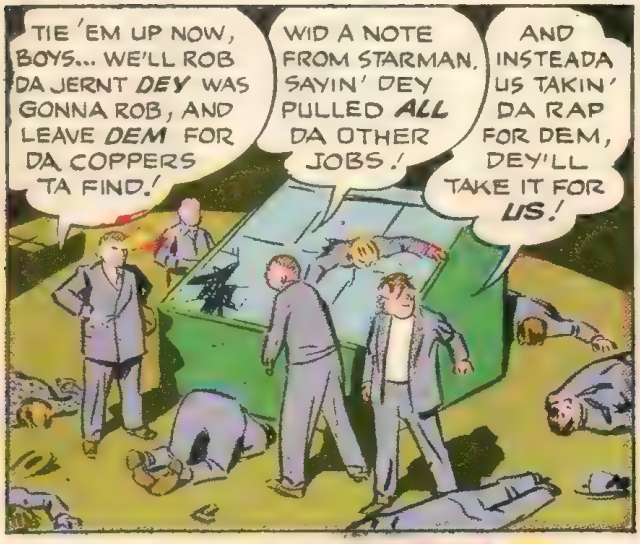

STARMAN! HEY, FELLOWS!
SO YOU'RE A LOOKOUT, HUH?
WHY DIDN'T YOU LOOK OUT FOR THIS?
YIII..!
GUNS! DON'T YOU BOYS KNOW THAT THOSE THINGS ARE DANGEROUS?
DEY ARE TA YOU, STARMAN!
DIS'LL PAY YA BACK FOR WHAT YA DONE TA TOITLENECK!
BANG
ONLY IF THE BULLETS HIT ME, SKUNK!
...AND THEY DIDN'T!
HEY..!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? GUNS ARE DANGEROUS!
OWWW..!
BOP
UNEXPECTEDLY...
EEEEHHH... AND WE TOUGHT DAT WATCHDOG WAS OUTA DA WAY!
2


GOOD THING HE WASN'T! COME ON, BOYS, LET'S SCRAM!
HEY..!
JUST THEN...
STARMAN! AND I THOUGHT NUGGET WOULD HELP CATCH THOSE CROOKS!
ALL HE DID WAS HELP THEM ESCAPE... BUT TELL ME—WHAT GOES ON HERE?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT THOSE THUGS GOT INTO THE BUILDING THROUGH THE ROOF AND SLUGGED ME!
BUT MY SKULL WAS TOUGHER THAN THEY REALIZED... I WOKE UP PRETTY SOON, AND RELEASED MY DOG.!
I'M SORRY, THOUGH, HE WAS SUCH A NUISANCE! ANY DOG CAN MAKE A MISTAKE, SO FORGET ABOUT IT.!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE CROOKS?.. WHERE WERE THEY HEADING — FOR THE JEWELRY STORE ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING?
RIGHT! THEY WERE JUST JIMMYING THE INSIDE DOOR TO THE SHOP WHEN THEIR LOOKOUT WARNED THEM!
GUESS WE GOT OFF PRETTY LUCKY, THOUGH!
YOU SURE DID... FIVE OTHER PLACES ACTUALLY HAVE BEEN ROBBED IN THE SAME WAY THE PAST FEW WEEKS!
AND THE CROOKS WHO PULLED THOSE OTHER JOBS ALSO ENTERED BY MEANS OF THE ROOF, AND USED A JIMMY INSIDE THE BUILDING! PUT THESE CLUES TOGETHER WITH THE NAME TURTLENECK, AND MAYBE I'VE GOT SOMETHING!
Oooo
3


SOME TIME LATER...
STARMAN!
WELL, WELL— ERNIE, AND HOW ARE THE JEWELRY STORE ROBBERIES GOING?
OR MAYBE YOU'RE AN INNOCENT BABE WHO NEVER EVEN THOUGHT OF SUCH BAD THINGS AS JIMMYING THE DOOR TO EMPIRE JEWELS, INC.
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, STARMAN, I DIDN'T DO NUTHIN'! WATCHA TALKIN' ABOUT?
STARMAN, YA GOT US ALL WRONG! WE USED TA ROB PLACES LIKE YOU SAY... BUT EVER SINCE WE COME OUTTA STIR, WE BEEN GOIN' STRAIGHT!
WHAT'S MORE, WE GOT A ALIBI FOR LAST NIGHT!
ALIBI? TURTLE-NECK, I HIT YOU IN THE EYE WITH MY OWN FIST!
COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU SHOULD HAVE A BLACK EYE!
WELL, YA SEE I AIN'T, STARMAN! YA MUSTA SOCKED SOME OTHER GUY!
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK SO! SORRY, BOYS,.. GUESS I MADE A MISTAKE!
MIKE'S
WHETHER THOSE CROOKS WERE ERNIE'S GANG OR NOT, I CAN'T PROVE A THING! MAYBE I'D BETTER FORGET THIS FOR A WHILE, AND RELAX!
AS STARMAN RESUMES HIS EVERYDAY ROLE OF TED KNIGHT, AMATEUR ASTRONOMER...
TED, REMEMBER THAT VARIABLE STAR THAT WAS SO PUZZLING? FIRST IT WOULD BE BRIGHT, THEN DARK, THEN BRIGHT AGAIN... AND NOBODY KNEW THE REASON!
YES, PROFESSOR MAGNUS, I'VE OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THAT!


WELL, I'VE DISCOVERED THE SOLUTION TO THE "RIDDLE!" THE CHANGES ARE DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE STAR IS TWINS!
"IT REALLY CONSISTS OF A BRIGHT STAR AND A DARK ONE CLOSE TOGETHER! WE DON'T SEE THE DARK ONE AT ALL, BUT WHEN THEY'RE SIDE BY SIDE, WE GET THE LIGHT FROM THE BRIGHT ONE..."
"THEN THE DARK STAR PASSES IN FRONT OF THE OTHER ONE, AND HIDES MOST OF ITS LIGHT, AND WE THINK THE STAR HAS FADED..."
"SOON, HOWEVER, THE DARK STAR MOVES TO THE OTHER SIDE, AND WE SEE ALL THE LIGHT AGAIN!"
SIMPLE, ONCE YOU KNOW, ISN'T IT? BUT WITH THE BRIGHT ONE AROUND, NOBODY THOUGHT OF LOOKING FOR THE DARK ONE, AND THE PUZZLE WAS HARD TO SOLVE!
GREAT SCOTT... THAT'S THE ANSWER TO THAT PUZZLE ABOUT THOSE ROBBERIES!
NOT ONE GANG..BUT TWO! AND THE OTHER GANG HAS BEEN DELIBERATELY LEAVING CLUES THAT POINT TO ERNIE, IN ORDER TO CONCEAL ITS OWN EXISTENCE!
AND NOW, ONCE AGAIN AS STARMAN...
IF I KNOW ERNIE, HE WON'T LIKE WHAT HIS RIVALS HAVE BEEN DOING... AND MAYBE HE'LL LEAD ME TO THEM!


STARMAN IS RIGHT! DESIRE FOR REVENGE FILLS THE HEARTS OF THE OUTRAGED THUGS ONCE THEY LEARN THE TRUTH...
BOYS, SOMEBODY'S BEEN PLAYIN' US FER SAPS! PULLIN' JOBS JUST LIKE DA ONES WE PULL... AND LEAVIN' CLUES POINTIN' TO US!
YEAH, IT WOULDA BEEN JUST TOO BAD IF STARMAN HAD ASKED QUESTIONS ABOUT TWO NIGHTS AGO INSTEADA LAST NIGHT!
AND JUST SUPPOSE I HAD GOT A BLACK EYE, BY SOME ACCIDENT! WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED SOMEBODY ELSE WAS USIN' MY NAME? WE'DA BEEN IN DA JUG BY NOW!
AN' DA COPS WOULDA FIGURED DEY GOT DA GUYS WHAT PULLED ALL DA JOBS! WE'DA BEEN SENT UP FER T'INGS WE DIDN'T DO...
WHILE DEM RATS WOULDA BEEN IN DA CLEAR, LAUGHIN' UP DEIR SLEEVES! BOYS, WE GOTTA SHOW DEM DEY CAN'T DO DAT TO US, NOT AND GET AWAY WID IT!
AND SO, A FURTIVE UNDERWORLD SEARCH BEGINS! AND SOON...
BOSS, I GOT DIS DIRECT FROM FRANKIE DA FENCE... A NEW MOB BELONGIN' TO A GUY NAMED BIG-FOOT BARNES HAS BEEN SELLIN' HIM STUFF FROM JEWELRY STORES!
SOUNDS LIKE DEY'RE DA ONES! WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON DEM!
THAT EVENING...
DEY T'INK DEY'RE ALL SET, BOYS... AFTER DEM!
OKAY, RATS... DIS IS WHERE WE COME IN!
AND WHERE YOU GO OUT!
AAAAAA...
6

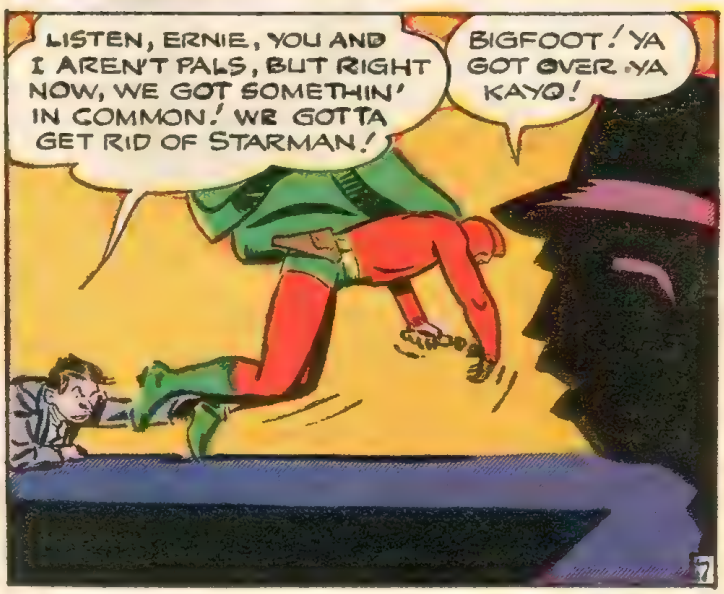

TIE 'EM UP NOW, BOYS... WE'LL ROB DA JERNT DEY WAS GONNA ROB, AND LEAVE DEM FOR DA COPPERS TA FIND!
WID A NOTE FROM STARMAN, SAYIN' DEY PULLED ALL DA OTHER JOBS!
AND INSTEADA US TAKIN' DA RAP FOR DEM, DEY'LL TAKE IT FOR US!


BUT A WATCHFUL EYE HAS BEEN TAKING ALL THIS IN, AND SUDDENLY...
THANKS FOR THE TIP, BOYS... BUT I'M WRITING MY OWN TICKET!
HIM AGAIN!


AND I DON'T INTEND TO LEAVE YOUR NAMES OUT!
OWWWW...


AND I'M NOT GOING TO SPARE YOUR FEELINGS, EITHER!
OOOFFF!


JUST A MINUTE, CHUM...
HUH..?


LISTEN, ERNIE, YOU AND I AREN'T PALS, BUT RIGHT NOW, WE GOT SOMETHIN' IN COMMON! WE GOTTA GET RID OF STARMAN!
BIGFOOT! YA GOT OVER YA KAYO!


OKAY, GIVE IT TO HIM!
BE CAREFUL, BOYS... WATCH OUT FER DAT GRAVITY ROD! DON'T LET HIM POINT IT AT YA!
DON'T WORRY, RAT... I'M NOT POINTING THIS GRAVITY ROD AT YOU!
I'M TURNING THE POWER ON IN THIS DIRECTION!
YIII.. DA WHOLE ROOF'S CAVIN' IN!
AND SO ARE YOUR PLANS, MUGG!
ARGH..
EEEHHH...
HERE'S WHERE I COLLECT THE DAILY DOUBLE!
AAAAA...
LATER, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE REMOVED STARMAN'S CAPTIVES...
AH, BACK TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE STARS, TED?
YES, THEY HELP ME FORGET MY TROUBLES (AND DO A SWELL JOB OF HELPING ME SOLVE THEM, TOO!)
THE END

GET PRE-FLIGHT WIN FREE

FLY YOUR OWN

The Most Exciting Offer

FELLOWS! GIRLS! Join Jack Armstrong Cub Pilot Corps.

FREE!

YOUR BIG, 5-IN-1 PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING KIT INCLUDES:



1. Pilot Trainer. A new training device especially designed for this course. Comes ready-cut out of strong cardboard—all set to assemble. Outstanding feature is a facsimile, three-dimensional model of the famous Piper Cub that appears to fly in mid-air. You maneuver the "in-flight" model into position for climb, turn, glide bank, dive—just as you would a real plane, from stick and rudder controls in trainer's cockpit.

2. Flight Manual. Cub Pilot Corps Flight Manual, "How to Fly," is a 24-page flight training text. Used with your trainer it can help teach you the basic steps in flying. Contains over 50 step-by-step photos and descriptions for take-off, climb, turn, glide, bank, landing.

3. Corps Wings. Sturdy paper-board pilot wings. Attach to coat or sweater, which you may use to signify that you have completed your pre-flight training course, understand the principles of aeronautics.

4. Official Insignia. Seven official hot iron transfer insignia of the Cub Pilot Corps. A snappy emblem that can be transferred to shirt or jacket.

Cub Pilot Corps News. Special issue of official Jack Armstrong Aviation Publication carries complete details of how you may take your pre-flight pilot training into the air—complete a *16-flight course of basic flying instruction* in the air, —AND WIN YOUR OWN PIPER CUB PLANE.

YES, with every Pre-flight Training Kit you get complete details and rules governing simple, easy, lots-of-fun contest—with prizes of $11,760.00* worth of free basic flying instructions—PLUS a great, grand prize of a real Piper Cub airplane, delivered to your nearest airport. Flying scholarships and Cub plane can be obtained as soon as conditions permit, or claimed for future delivery.

To increase your opportunity of winning, flying scholarship awards will be made in each state, plus the District of Columbia. You compete only against other entries in your state. Cub plane will be given to winning entry among the 49 state first prize winners.

Let's go! Contest entries must be made before July 1, 1945.

*1,176 hours of flying instructions *in the air* with competent instructor, at current rate of $10.00 per instruction hour.

TRAINING KIT.. FLYING LESSONS!

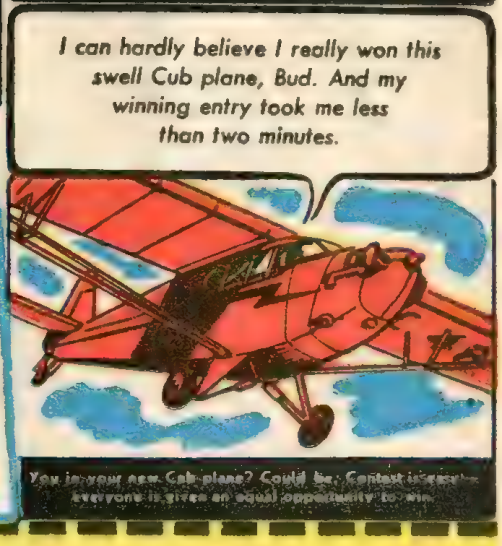
PLANE!

Ever Made America's Future Pilots

*$11,760.00 IN FLYING SCHOLARSHIPS! A REAL PIPER CUB!







ANOTHER WHEATIES AVIATION FEATURE



Another extra-dividend for eating those crisp-toasted, swell-tasting flakes of nourishing whole wheat. You're really "on the beam" when you take off with lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—every morning.

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of **GENERAL MILLS, INC.**

MAIL TRAINING KIT COUPON NOW!

Use easy-to-mail coupon below or just send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops and 10c to Wheaties-Cub, Box 7400, Chicago, Illinois. Hurry! Get going! And get flying!

Wheaties — Cub
Box 7400, Chicago, Illinois

PRINT PLAINLY! DO NOT WRITE!

Please send my complete Pre-flight Training Kit — plus complete details of easy contest in which I may win a Free Flying Scholarship — *and my own Piper Cub Plane.* (THIS IS NOT A CONTEST ENTRY BLANK.)
I enclose two Wheaties box tops and 10c.

My Name _____

My Address _____

City _____ *Ships* _____ *State* _____

The SHINING KNIGHT




I WONDER WHAT INSPIRES THIS CALL FOR HELP? AND EVEN IF I GO TO THE PARK, HOW SHALL I RECOGNIZE THE MAN WHO NEEDS MY AID!
HOWEVER, AT THE APPOINTED TIME AND PLACE...
AH, METHINKS I SEE A PATCH OF YELLOW LIGHT WHERE NO LIGHT SHOULD BE! CLOSER, BRAVE STEED!
THOSE TWO GLOWING LETTERS—THEY SPELL OUT "ME!" MAYHAP THERE'S THE SQUIRE WHO NEEDS MY HELP!
ME
BOZO BRANNIGAN! THOU WILT RUE THIS DAY, CAITIFF...
HOLD IT, KNIGHT, HOLD IT! I'M DA GUY WHAT PUT DAT AD IN DA PAPER!
I ARRANGED TINGS DIS WAY BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID DA BOYS WHO ARE AFTER ME MIGHT SHOW UP, TOO! SO I PAINTED ME CAP WID PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT, AN' WAITED IN A DARK SPOT...
KNOWING THAT ONLY FROM ABOVE WOULD THY MESSAGE BE SEEN!
ME


CLEVER, HUH? LYA SEE, LUMPY LOU AND HIS GANG ARE AFTER ME...
LUMPY LOU?
SURE, DAT'S RIGHT.' DA BIG GUY HISSELF! HE WANTS TA RUB ME OUT... AND I'M AFRAID HE'LL DO IT IF YOU DON'T STOP HIM, KNIGHT.'
BUT THOU CANST GO TO THE POLICE!
SO WHAT HAPPENS? DEY PUT ME IN JAIL... BUT WILL DAT STOP LUMPY FROM GETTIN' ME? NO.' HE'LL BUMP ME OFF WHEREVER I AM, UNLESS YOU STOP HIM.'
BUT THOU, TOO, ART A CRIMINAL!
I KNOW, KNIGHT, I KNOW! I REALIZE DAT YOU'LL BE SENDIN' ME UP FER A LITTLE STRETCH, TOO... BUT I WON'T MIND IF I KNOW YOU GOT LUMPY.' DEN, WHEN I COME OUT, I'LL BE SAFE.'
HMM, 'TIS A STRANGE DILEMMA!
I OWE NO HELP TO MEN LIKE THEE, WHO BREAK THE LAW... AND YET AM I BOUND TO PREVENT MURDER, NO MATTER WHO THE DESTINED VICTIM.'
THUS, PRESENTLY...
HEY.' I T'OUGHT YA'D LET ME RIDE WID YA ON DA NAG.' DIS AIN'T COMFORTABLE, KNIGHT.'
'TWILL HAVE TO DO.' IT IS MY WAY OF CARRYING ROGUES.'
THEREFORE WILL I HELP SAVE YOUR LIFE! BUT 'TWILL BE DIFFICULT.' THERE IS NO EVIDENCE AGAINST LUMPY!
BUT THERE WILL BE, KNIGHT.' HE AND HIS BOYS ARE PULLIN' OFF A JOB TONIGHT, AND I KNOW WHAT IT IS'
3


HEY, DAT'S DA PLACE, KNIGHT... DA STATE HOUSE! DEY GOTA COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL DOCKAMENTS DERE WOITH PLENTY...
LUMPY'S GONNA GRAB 'EM AND T'REATEN TA BOIN 'EM IF HE DON'T GET A GOOD RANSOM!
THE VILLAIN WILL RECEIVE ALL THAT'S DUE HIM.' AND NOW, MY HELPFUL ROGUE, LEAD THOU THE WAY.'
OKAY, KNIGHT, BUT I WANT YA TA KNOW I'M HOIT ON ACCOUNTA YOUR NOT TRUSTIN' ME.'
I GRIEVE FOR THY HURT, BUT THOU DOST NOT STEP BEHIND ME UNTIL I LEARN FOR CERTAIN THOU SAYEST TRUTH!
YOU'LL LOIN SOON ENOUGH, PAL! COME ON, NOW— WE'LL HIDE NEAR DA GOVERNOR'S OFFICE AND LAY FER DOSE GUYS.'
KNIGHT AND KNAVE CONCEAL THEMSELVES, AND SOON...
DEY'RE COMIN', KNIGHT.'
TAP! TAP!
OKAY, BOYS, DA COAST'S CLEAR, LIKE WE FIGURED.'
BOSS, DIS IS SO EASY, I'M ASHAMED OF MESELF.'
DA STATE'S FOIST CONSTITUTION, WID AUTOGRAPHS OF ALL DA OLD TIME BIG SHOTS... DA FOIST CHARTER, FROM DA DAYS WHEN DIS WAS A COLONY... ALL SORTSA STUFF...
ALL LEFT WID NOBODY TA GUARD DEM! BOY, WHAT A RANSOM DIS STUFF WILL BRING.'
4

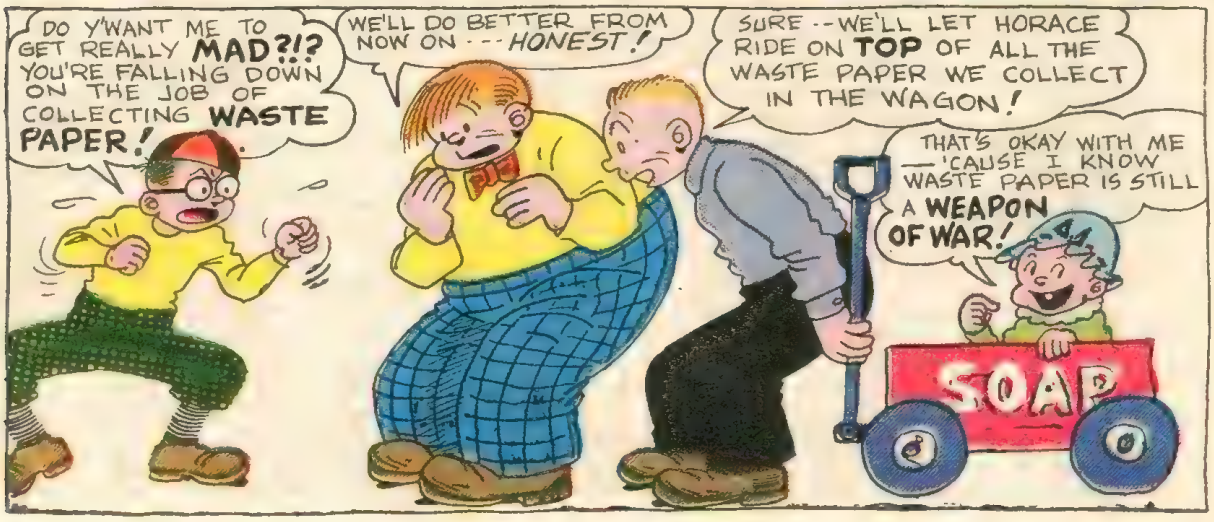

LATER, WE'LL APOLOGIZE TO DA GOVERNOR FOR TAKIN' IT.!
RIGHT NOW, ROGUE, THERE IS ANOTHER MATTER WE MUST DISCUSS.!
WHA..?
Y////... DA SHININ' KNIGHT.!
HERE TO DECIDE ON PROPER PUNISHMENT FOR SUCH SCOUNDRELS—!
SCOUNDRELS WHO FORGET THAT NO LEAD CAN PASS THE BARRIER OF MY WHIRLING SWORD.!
BANG!
NOW THY GUN IS EMPTY, TO MATCH THY HEAD.!
AAAA...
THE FLAT OF MY SWORD WILL ADD ANOTHER LUMP TO LUMPY.!
Y!!!!...!
BOP!
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...
CRACK!
EEEHHH... DEM BULLETS MUSTA CUT DA CHAIN DAT HOLDS IT.!
5


I'LL DIVIDE THE CHANDELIER... AND CONQUER IT.'
ZOUNDS, THE ROGUES HAVE SCURRIED TO SAFETY.'
BUT SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS...
AAAA...
CAUGHT HIM BY SURPRISE DAT TIME, BOYS!
NOW TA FINISH HIM OFF WIDOUT WASTIN' NO MORE TIME.' I'LL PUT A COUPLA BULLETS IN HIS HEAD...
THERE ARE THE RATS.' COME ON, BOYS, I THOUGHT I HEARD THE SOUND OF SHOOTING.'
DA COPPERS.'
THE TRAITOROUS ROGUES... THEY WOULD HAVE SHOT ME, IF NOT FOR THIS HAPPY CHANCE.'


GOSH, KNIGHT, DAT WAS CLOSE! LUCKY I T'OUGHT OF SCARIN' 'EM AWAY!
WHAT... THOU CALLED OUT?
SURE! I COULDN'T STAND BY AND LET DEM KILL YA, COULD I?
AND METHOUGHT THE POLICE HAD ACTUALLY ARRIVED!
WELL, DEY OUGHTTA BE HERE SOON... AND I DON'T WANT DEM TO FIND ME. WE BETTER SCRAM!
WE MUST GET ON THEIR TRAIL AGAIN!
I'LL HELP YA DO IT, KNIGHT... I'LL LEAD YA RIGHT TO DEIR HIDEOUT!
THOU ART A HELP INDEED! AND SEEING THAT THOU HAST SAVED MY LIFE...
THIS TIME SHALT THOU RIDE WITH ME!
T'ANKS, KNIGHT! I'M GLAD TA SEE YA TRUST ME NOW!
AND SO, VICTORY, BEARING A DOUBLE BURDEN, CLEAVES THE AIR WITH HIS POWERFUL PINIONS!
DERE'S DA PLACE! IT'S EMPTY NOW, 'CAUSE DEY CAN'T TRAVEL AS FAST AS YOUR NAG!
YE BOOKE NOOKE
LUMPY HAS ONE OF DA BOYS POSE AS A BOOK SELLER AN' RUNS DA HIDEOUT! DIS BOOK BUSINESS T'ROWS DA COPS WAY OFF DA TRACK!
A CLEVER PLAN! BUT I SHALL PUT AN END TO THIS CHAPTER OF LUMPY'S LIFE!
YE BOOKE NOOKE


BUT HERE COME THEY NOW... WE MUST CONCEAL OURSELVES!
BOYS, I DON'T KNOW HOW DA SHININ' KNIGHT FOUND OUT ABOUT US... BUT IT HOITS ME DAT WE DIDN'T BUMP HIM OFF!
YEAH, ALL I WANT IS ONE MORE CHANCE AT HIM!
YE BOOKE NOOK
THOU HAST IT, VARLET!
HEY, YA DON'T HAVE TA TAKE ME SERIOUS!
TAKE THEE SERIOUSLY? I DO NOT, BASE CHURL, BUT MY SWORD DOES!
YEEEOWWW!
BOP!
THY COMPANIONS AWAIT THEE... JOIN THEM!
AAAA...
WHACK!
AFTER THE CRIMINALS ARE ALL BOUND AND STOWED AWAY WITHIN THEIR OWN HIDEOUT...
NOW SHALL I SUMMON THE POLICE FOR THEM... AND FOR THEE!
DAT'S RIGHT, KNIGHT, DEY WANT ME, TOO!
ONLY, I'M ONE GUY DEY AIN'T GETTIN'! TOO BAD YA DIDN'T NOTICE ME SLIP YER SWORD OUTTA DA SCABBARD!
WHY, THOU VILLAIN..!


HA, HA.' WHAT A SAP YOU ARE, KNIGHT.' YA TOOK CARE OF DAT CHISELLIN' LUMPY—AND NOW I KIN TAKE OVER MY OLD RACKET AGAIN.'
SO THINKEST THOU.' HOLA VICTORY!
HEY, HOW DID DA NAG GET UP DERE?
I AM NO CHILD TO BE TAKEN IN BY HONEYED WORDS.' I FEARED TREACHERY AND ORDERED VICTORY TO STAND IN READINESS.'
NOW SHALT THOU JUDGE WHETHER I AM WEAPONLESS.'
EEEHHH..!
AND WHAT RACKET WILT THOU TAKE OVER?
YIII... NO MORE, KNIGHT, I GIVE UP.'
YE BOOKE
PRESENTLY...
GOSH, YOU GOT TWO GANGS AT ONCE! IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE BEGGIN' TO BE CAUGHT.'
AYE, ALMOST.' AND I AM NOT ONE TO LET THEM BEG IN VAIN!
The End
9


DO Y'WANT ME TO GET REALLY MAD?!? YOU'RE FALLING DOWN ON THE JOB OF COLLECTING WASTE PAPER!
WE'LL DO BETTER FROM NOW ON --- HONEST!
SURE --WE'LL LET HORACE RIDE ON TOP OF ALL THE WASTE PAPER WE COLLECT IN THE WAGON!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME —'CAUSE I KNOW WASTE PAPER IS STILL A WEAPON OF WAR!
SOAP

FRONTIER POSSE

by Blair Bolton

THEY say that the old West was tough. Perhaps so, but to Buckey O'Neil it was only a hard taskmaster, which brought him rewards well earned. He loved the open plains, just as he loved his country.

Sitting now in the room, waiting for the rest of the horsemen to come up, Buckey O'Neil watched the heat waves dancing in the dusty streets. There weren't many people on the wooden sidewalks yet. The hitching posts weren't crowded with surrey, and gigs, and saddle horses of all kinds.

Buckey grinned. "Yeah," he told himself, "they'll all turn out for this. They wouldn't miss it for the world."

He looked quiet, sitting there, lean, and tanned, and very much at ease. But inside him, that feeling which had been so annoying persisted. He couldn't get rid of it. He wasn't even going to try, he told himself suddenly.

Outside there was a clatter of hoofs as more horsemen came along, stirring up baby dust storms in their wake. As they tied up their horses, voices loud and raucous drifted in through the window.

"Did you hear Buckey's leading us?" someone asked.

"He's sure after poison this time," another man chuckled. "Too bad he hasn't got his star on, eh, Chet?"

Someone, probably the man called Chet, laughed:

"He doesn't need a star. But maybe if he put those notches on his gun, it'd help."

"C'mon, fellers, let's get rid of this dust in our throats while we're waiting."

Off they went, and once more the streets of the Arizona town were reasonably quiet. Not for long, though, thought the man in the chair.

He smiled again. He knew they were kidding him about not wearing his Sheriff's star. He had put that away some time ago. Odd, now that he started to think about it, what a wild life that had been.

The average man goes through life without risking it too much. He had risked his plenty. Yet, he was still alive. And, as the boys out there had said, he was entitled to some notches in his gun, if he had wanted to cut them.

He had never done that. He was grateful for being such a good shot. He had always given the other man, even an outlaw, a chance. To lawbreakers he would offer a chance of surrender, and if a man were wise in those days, he'd take it.

The five men he had killed hadn't. One of those men had almost gotten him. He grimaced, his brow furrowed in thought. Gosh, he had risked his life that time, and now he couldn't even remember the outlaw's name.

The man had been a train robber. That much he remembered. He remembered also that he had tracked him over 300 miles of plains while the desperado tried to make the Mexican border. He hadn't made it. When Buckey O'Neil went after an outlaw, he brought him back, dead or alive.

Chuckling, Buckey thought now that such procedure undoubtedly was one of the reasons they had elected him Sheriff here for three successive terms.

When a man grows older, however, he wants a chance to live a quieter life. Buckey had figured on doing just that. Now, this thing had come up. Another killer was on a rampage. He was big, and he was tough. He needed a lesson if anyone ever had. All of Arizona, in fact, the whole country, was talking about him.

"Well, just talk isn't going to get anything done," Buckey had said, just yesterday, over the breakfast table. "Action is needed now."

Naturally, they had remonstrated with him, tried to point out that his gunfighting days were over. He had laughed at them just as they, secretly, had known he would. Once you've wrapped your fingers around a well-balanced Colt, or squinted over the barrel of a Winchester 30-30, you never forget it.

His decision to organize this particular posse had set his blood pounding, his heart beating faster.

"Buckey, you in there?" The voice came from outside the doorway.

"Oh, hiya, Jeb. Yeah, come in."

The gangling cowboy shuffled into the room, a grin on his homely face. "Just wanted you to know that the boys are about all here. Take a look out the window."

Buckey went over, looked out. A grin of satisfaction came over his face. There must have been three hundred horses, standing along these rows of hitching posts.

"Gol dern it," Jeb said, "that's sure an inspiring sight, ain't it, Buckey? Can't remember when we got so many of the boys together."

"Sure is, Jed," Buckey responded. He clapped the other man on the shoulder. "But do you mind the time just six of us went out and cleaned up that bank robbing gang?"

"What a fight that was," Jeb raved, "those boys sure acted scared when you went wad-

ing right in with those six guns of yours blazing." He coughed. "And them was right tough fellers."

"No bullies are tough, Jeb. They just look it, and they sound it. But you go gunnin' for 'em, partner, and you'll see 'em start to shiver every time." He shook his head. "I'm not so sure about our game this time, though. He's got a lot of tricks up his sleeve."

He held up his hand. "Not that I don't think we'll get him, Jeb. Leastwise, we'll die trying."

"Haw. You'll never die. If any gunslinger ever had a charmed life, it's you, Buckey. Why, we'll be back in no time, and we'll have the guy's scalp on our pommel."

The remark pleased Buckey. He laughed uproariously. "The way you talk," he roared, "you'd think we was out hunting Indians." He picked a massive gold watch from his pocket and studied it. "Better go get the boys, Jeb, I want to talk to them before we start."

"Right." Jeb loped from the room and Buckey's gaze, as it followed him, was affectionate. He was proud of every man in this town who was going to saddle up and ride with him today.

And the best part of it was that he could count on every cowboy there. There wasn't a one of them would turn tail and run when the going got hot.

This was a volunteer mission, too. They didn't have to go, least not yet. But they wanted to go because this job had to be done, and the quicker it was over with the better.

Sighing, Buckey walked over to the sideboard. His guns were lying there, and now he picked them up and strapped them on. From the streets now came loud noises.

"The boys sure sound as though they cleared their vocal passages," Buckey said aloud. "Well, let them enjoy themselves."

Yes, they might as well. This gang of desperados, and the leader, could turn out to be plenty hard to get. Buckey's eyes glinted. "But they're going to be gotten," he said determinedly, "and I'm not coming back until it's done." And as an afterthought he added: "If I do come back."

Funny about that. Maybe it was because he was getting a little old. He didn't fear death. He had proven it countless times; as a matter of fact, death just didn't seem to want his company. Which was all right with Buckey.

He looked around the room just before he left. He had spent a lot of happy years in this house. He was grateful for them, and for the friends he had made. Now, they were showing their gratitude by standing by him when he felt help was necessary.

He had just finished adjusting his guns when Jeb came to the door again. "All ready to ride, Buckey. You want to make that speech now?"

Buckey laughed. "It's no speech, Jeb. I just want to thank them for being willing to come along."

He walked behind Jeb and out into the bright sunlight. Standing there on the porch before he said his thanks, he studied their lean, tanned, and determined faces. No, there wasn't any fear in the faces of any of these men.

They'd go anyplace, and he, Buckey O'Neil, was a proud man to lead them.

William O'Neil was even prouder of them later, that day in '98 when his Rough Riders from Arizona, 300 strong, stormed San Juan Hill in the face of a terrible hail of fire.

And back in Arizona they still talk of Captain William O'Neil who lost his life in that charge, lost it for the flag he loved and the country he worshipped. He was at the head of his men when he fell, too.



NOT TO BE REPEATED!

Remember this about anything that concerns our armed forces or our war production:

If you HEAR it from someone . . . *don't repeat it!*

If you SEE it yourself . . . *don't repeat it!*

If you read it in personal letters . . . *don't repeat it!*

What you privately hear, see, or read may not seem important to you. But Axis agents piece together *big* military secrets from many *little* scraps of conversation overheard all over our country.

You may safely repeat *only* information you read in newspapers and magazines, or hear on the radio.

The life of someone dear to you may be at stake. Think *before* you talk!


GENIUS JONES
GENIUS JONES SAYS THAT GOLD DOES NOT EVAPORATE--- SO WHEN A FORTUNE IN GOLD DUST BEGINS TO DISAPPEAR BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF ITS VIGILANT OWNER, IT'S UP TO THE MENTAL WIZARDRY OF THE UNPARALLELED ANSWERMAN TO FIND OUT WHO IS BEHIND THE DIABOLICAL DEVICE THAT'S RIGGED...
"TO FILCH A FORTUNE!"
IT SEEMS THAT GENIUS JONES IS NEVER SHORT OF QUESTIONS-OR ANSWERS, EITHER ...
GENIUS JONES, IS THIS A GOOD PAIR OF SHOES I BOUGHT? HERE'S YOUR DIME!
JUDGING FROM THE LEATHER, YOUR WEIGHT, AND THE LENGTH OF YOUR STRIDE, YOU WILL GET 926 MILES OUT OF THEM. NEXT!
GENIUS JONES, WHAT MAKES GOLD DUST EVAPORATE?
GOLD IN ANY FORM DOES NOT EVAPORATE, MY MAN, IT MAY WEAR OFF OR BRODS, BUT IT DOES NOT EVAPORATE!

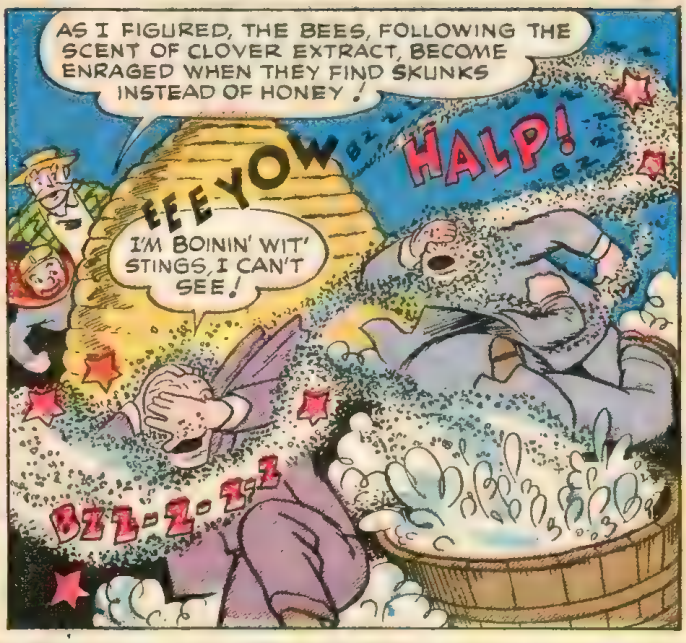

THEN WHY IS MY HUGE STACK OF GOLD DUST DIMINISHING?
HMM...IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S DIMINISHING, I'LL CHANGE INTO MY ANSWERMAN COSTUME AND LOOK INTO THE MATTER.
I'M PHIL T. LEWKER. USED TO BE A PROSPECTER. PANNED A FORTUNE IN DUST OUTA OWL-EYE CREEK UP YUKON WAY!
AND YOU SAY THIS GOLD IS EVAPORATING! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
PRESENTLY...
THIS ROUND BUILDING IS MY STRONG HOUSE. THE GOLD'S IN THERE. NOTHIN' KIN GIT AT IT, BUT IT KEEPS GETTIN' LESS AN' LESS!
HMM...LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
THERE SHE IS. IT WAS LOTS MORE BEFORE IT STARTED DISAPPEARIN'!
SOLID CONCRETE FLOORS, WALLS, AND CEILING! ARE YOU SURE THIEVES DON'T PICK THE LOCKS AT NIGHT AND TAKE GOLD AWAY LITTLE BY LITTLE?
THIEVES COULDN'T GET NEAR. WHEN IT STARTED VANISHIN', I PUT ARMED GUARDS ON THIS BUILDIN' DAY AN' NIGHT. WHAT'S MORE, MY GOLD SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR WHILE I MYSELF WAS GUARDIN' IT.
SO YOU NATURALLY CONCLUDED THAT IT WAS EVAPORATING. HMM...VERY INTERESTING!
AHA--A HOLE IN THE CEILING ONE AND SEVEN-TENTHS INCHES IN DIAMETER. AND I SMELL A NINETY-THREE PERCENT PURE AROMATIC ESSENCE.
WELL, WHAT OF IT?
MR. PHIL T. LEWKER, IF MY DIGGING UNEARTHS WHAT I THINK IT WILL, I'M GOING TO HAVE A TRAIL TO FOLLOW.
I SURE DO HOPE SO!
2.

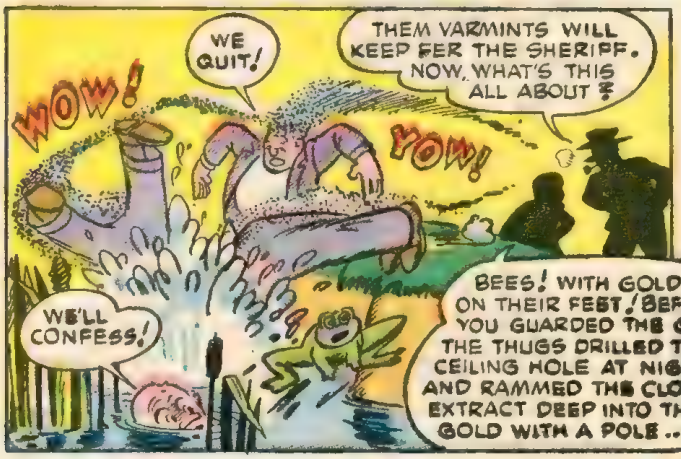

AHA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! AN UNCORKED BOTTLE—ESSENCE OF MELILOTUS OF THE GENUS TRIFOLIUM!
YA MEAN IT'S SOMETHIN' THAT MADE THE GOLD EVAPORATE?
I TOLD YOU GOLD DOES NOT EVAPORATE. IT'S BEING STOLEN RIGHT FROM UNDER OUR NOSES—THIS VERY MINUTE!
PARDON ME---BUT YOU'RE SPINNY IN THE STEEPLE!
I'D BETTER PHONE RATTLESNAKE NED ABOUT THIS!
AND AFTER A BRIEF TOUR OF THIS TERRITORY, I'LL HAVE NETTED SOME OF THE THIEVES! LATER, WE'LL GET THE MAN BEHIND THEM!
NOW I KNOW HE'S LOOPY.
PRESENTLY...
A LITTLE SHARP WORK WITH THE NET WILL CLINCH MY THEORY, AND THEN I'LL BE READY TO PROCEED AGAINST THE BRAIN BEHIND THIS WILY SCHEME!
BUT SUDDENLY...
DIS IS DA LAST BUTTINSKY BUSINESS YOU'LL EVER DO, GENIUS JONES!
WE GOT HIM, RATTLESNAKE NED!
SINCE YOU SEEM TO KNOW ME, YOU KNOW I'M AVERSE TO PUGILISTICS--BUT I DON'T MIND NETTING YOUR NO-GOOD NOODLE, RATTLESNAKE NED!
YOW!
FWOOF!
AH YES---THE OLD ROMAN GLADIATORS KNEW THE VALUE OF THE NET. THERE, LEARN A LESSON!

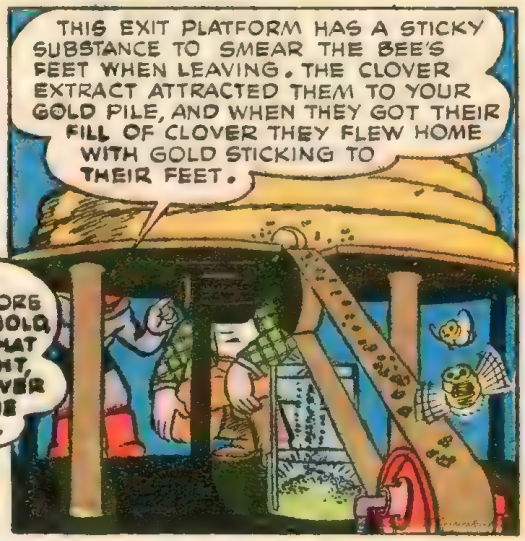

DIS IS DE IDEA---RUSH HIM OFFEN HIS FEET!
YEAH, LOOK, HE'S SO SCARED HE AIN'T EVEN TRYIN' TO MOVE!
NOW, NOW, BOYS—YOU KNOW I HATE FIGHTING...
SO YOU WON'T MIND IF I JUST QUIETLY WITHDRAW, I'M SURE!
EEEYOW
HE DODGED BEHIND A CACTUS!
I'M STUCK IN A THOUSAND PLACES!
HE'S LICKED THE PACK OF US----A FINE BUNCH OF
GOODNESS! I SHAN'T LISTEN TO SUCH UNBEFITTING DICTION!
BUT THE PRICE OF THE ANSWER-MAN'S DELICACY IS TERRIBLY HIGH
UH??
HAW, HAW! WIT' HIS HANDS OVER HIS EARS, HE DIDN'T HEAR ME COME AT HIM.
POW!
GOT HIM!
DITTO!
PLOP
THE SAME!
EVEN G. J. CAN'T GIT OUTA DAT. LET HIM HANG FER CROW BAIT. HAW! HAW!
AND PRESENTLY...
LOOK, CHIEF. I TINK WE OUGHTTA UNTIE ONE KNOT AND LET HIM UNWIND OVER DA CLIFF. DAT WAY IT'LL LOOK LIKE HE WAS CLIMBIN' AND SLIPPED, AN' NO ONE WILL INVESTIGATE!
GOOD IDEA. THAT THREE HUNDRED FOOT FALL WILL FINISH HIM! COME ON, THE FARTHER FROM HERE WE ARE, THE BETTER!

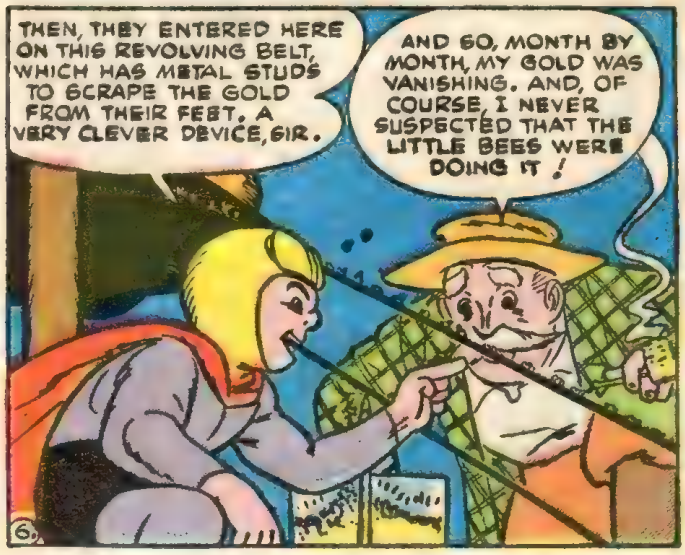

BUT THE WHIRLWIND MIND OF GENIUS JONES IS EVEN FASTER THAN HIS DIZZY DESCENT...
IF I CAN JUST GRAB THE END OF THE ROPE BEFORE IT CASTS ME FREE...
...THE SPRING OF THAT BRANCH OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH!
THEN—THE ONLY HUMAN YO-YO ON RECORD!
SUCCESS! THE SPRING OF THE BRANCH GAVE ME THE CORRECT BACKSPIN TO YO-YO UPWARD!
NOW, ALL I'LL HAVE TO DO IS UNWIND DOWN THE HILL ON THE OTHER SIDE. RECOVER MY NET, AND IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT, I'LL LOCATE THOSE MISCREANTS EASILY!
LATER, BACK AGAIN AT PHIL T. LEWKER'S . . .
ALL RIGHT, MR. LEWKER, WE'RE ALL SET. WE SIMPLY RELEASE THIS BEE AND THE PATH HE TAKES WILL BE ON A BEE-LINE TO YOUR MISSING GOLD!
OKAY, BUT I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
GEE, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE CHASING AFTER A BEE!
IF I'M CORRECT IN MY CALCULATIONS, THIS LITTLE BEE IS GOING TO SHOW US SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT.
AT THE END OF THE BEE TRAIL...
NO MORE SUBTLE STUFF. THIS TIME WE FINISH 'EM BOTH OFF, BREAK THE STRONG HOUSE, GRAB ALL THE GOLD, AND SKIP!
RATTLESNAKE NED, I WARN YOU! ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'LL REGRET IT!
5

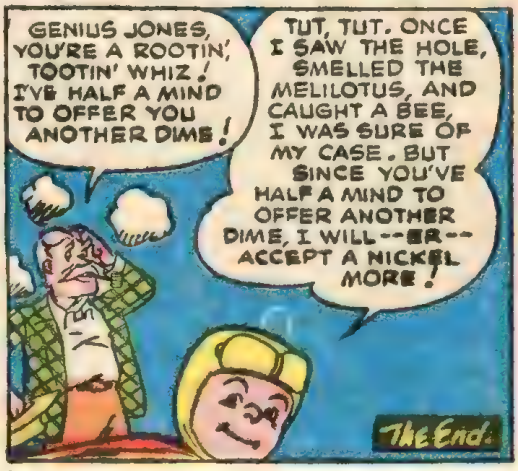

HAW, HAW! HE'S SPRINKLIN' US WIT' SOME MAGIC LIQUID. HAW! DAT'S RICH!
IT'S MAGIC ENOUGH, RATTLESNAKE NED. IT'S THE ESSENCE OF MELILOTUS, GENUS TRIFOLIUM— IN SHORT, IT'S THE CLOVER EXTRACT WHICH YOU PUT INTO PHIL T. LEWKER'S GOLD!


AS I FIGURED, THE BEES, FOLLOWING THE SCENT OF CLOVER EXTRACT, BECOME ENRAGED WHEN THEY FIND SKUNKS INSTEAD OF HONEY!
EEE YOW
HALP!
I'M BOININ' WIT' STINGS, I CAN'T SEE!
BZZ-Z-Z-Z


WOW!
WE QUIT!
THEM VARMINTS WILL KEEP FER THE SHERIFF. NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
YOW!
WE'LL CONFESS!
BEES! WITH GOLD ON THEIR FEET! BEFORE YOU GUARDED THE GOLD, THE THUGS DRILLED THAT CEILING HOLE AT NIGHT, AND RAMMED THE CLOVER EXTRACT DEEP INTO THE GOLD WITH A POLE...


THIS EXIT PLATFORM HAS A STICKY SUBSTANCE TO SMEAR THE BEE'S FEET WHEN LEAVING. THE CLOVER EXTRACT ATTRACTED THEM TO YOUR GOLD PILE, AND WHEN THEY GOT THEIR FILL OF CLOVER THEY FLEW HOME WITH GOLD STICKING TO THEIR FEET.


THEN, THEY ENTERED HERE ON THIS REVOLVING BELT, WHICH HAS METAL STUDS TO SCRAPE THE GOLD FROM THEIR FEET. A VERY CLEVER DEVICE, SIR.
AND SO, MONTH BY MONTH, MY GOLD WAS VANISHING. AND, OF COURSE, I NEVER SUSPECTED THAT THE LITTLE BEES WERE DOING IT!
6


GENIUS JONES, YOU'RE A ROOTIN', TOOTIN' WHIZ! I'VE HALF A MIND TO OFFER YOU ANOTHER DIME!
TUT, TUT. ONCE I SAW THE HOLE, SMELLED THE MELILOTUS, AND CAUGHT A BEE, I WAS SURE OF MY CASE. BUT SINCE YOU'VE HALF A MIND TO OFFER ANOTHER DIME, I WILL--ER--ACCEPT A NICKEL MORE!
The End.

BOYS AND GIRLS! Get these keen PRIZES!



MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS!

Authentic Army, Navy, Marine Insignia—in Actual Colors—Shiny, Durable Metal Buttons! Pin 'em on Sweaters, Caps, Jackets.

ARE these military insignia buttons keen! Reproductions, in full color, of actual Army, Navy and Marine squadron and division insignia—on shiny metal buttons. Wide variety. Just the thing to pin on your sweaters, caps and jackets, and be the envy of every other kid in the neighborhood. And you get one as a PRIZE in every package of Kellogg's PEP!

Be the first in your neighborhood to get the largest collection of these swell military insignia buttons. Nothing to mail. Nothing to send in. They come packed as a PRIZE in every package of Kellogg's PEP—the wheat-flake cereal packed with important whole-wheat "builder-uppers," with extra vitamins B_1 and D. Get PEP today at your grocery store, and look for the prize insignia button in the package.

GET YOUR COMPLETE SET OF 33 BUTTONS



94th Pursuit Squadron (ACTUAL SIZE)



25th Bombardment Squadron



27th Fighter Squadron



96th Bombardment Squadron



44th Fighter Squadron



56th Bombardment Squadron

53rd Bombardment Squadron

2nd Bombardment Squadron

431st Bombardment Squadron

17th Bombardment Squadron

34th Bombardment Squadron

385th Bombardment Squadron

99th Bombardment Squadron

41st Bombardment Squadron

424th Bombardment Squadron

70th Bombardment Squadron

Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator

Boeing B-29 Superfortress

Republic P-47 Thunderbolt

Lockheed Lightning P-38

VB-13 VO-3

Special offer! BEANIE!



JUST THE THING to pin your military insignia on. Genuine beanie caps made of felt. Sent to you for only 10¢ and 2 Kellogg's PEP box tops. Address Kellogg Company, Dept. 90P, Battle Creek, Mich.

LISTEN TO SUPERMAN on the air, for more exciting details about PEP and these great prizes. See your paper for station and time.

Kellogg's PEP

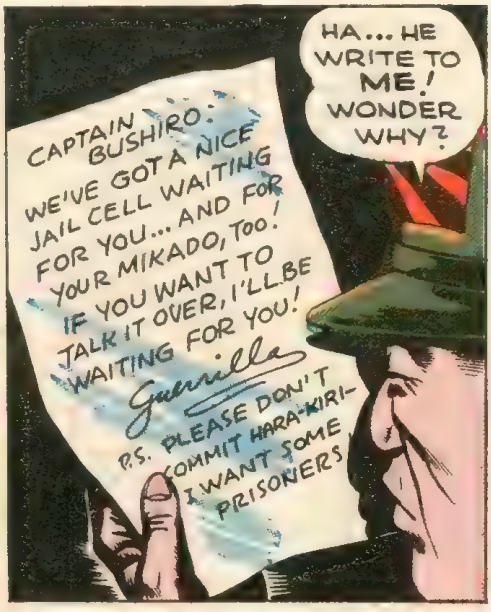
MIKE GIBBS GUERRILLA




WHILE NEARBY, GUERRILLA, FAMED UNDERGROUND FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM, LISTENS INTENTLY...
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WE'RE FACING, GUERRILLA! PRACTICALLY THE ONLY JAPS WE CATCH AROUND HERE ARE THE WOUNDED... AND THEY WON'T TALK.'
THE WORST OF IT IS, THEY HAVE INFORMATION WE COULD USE!
I KNOW HOW THEY ARE. THESE SOLDIERS HAVE BEEN DEFEATED, BUT THEY STILL BELIEVE THAT THEIR MIKADO, AND THE SUN-GOD WILL LEAD THEM TO VICTORY... THAT KEEPS THEIR MORALE UP.'
BUT A FEW MORE BAD DEFEATS WILL SHAKE THEIR FAITH... AND THEN THEY'LL TALK PLENTY!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE AN OPTIMIST, GUERRILLA! ALL JAPS ARE FANATICS, AND THEY'LL NEVER CHANGE... NEVER.'
YOU'RE WRONG, CAPTAIN... AND I CAN PROVE IT!
HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING TO CAPTURE A FEW PRISONERS WHO WILL TALK!
SHORTLY, ON A SANDY, TROPICAL ISLAND...
OKAY, BOYS, LEAVE ME HERE! COME BACK READY TO PICK UP ME AND SOME PRISONERS WHEN YOU GET THE SIGNAL!
THE ISLANDERS HERE AREN'T WARLIKE, BUT THEY'VE ALREADY HAD A YEAR OF JAPANESE OCCUPATION, SO I THINK I MAY GET SOME HELP FROM THEM.'


THE FOLLOWING DAY, GUERRILLA SETS FORTH ON A SCOUTING EXPEDITION ...
CAPTAIN BUSHIRO, YOUR MEN ARE PRIDE OF NEW ORDER!
THANK YOU, COLONEL WATARI!
THE BETTER I KNOW THE ENEMY, THE BETTER I'LL MAKE OUT! AND THESE OFFICERS ARE TALKING FREELY...
IT IS DIFFICULT TO KEEP UP MORALE WHEN THEY HAVE NOTHING TO DO... YOUR SUCCESS VERY GREAT!
VERY SIMPLE, HONORABLE COLONEL! I KEEP DANGEROUS THOUGHTS FROM MEN ...
TELL THEM ONLY THAT IS GREAT GLORY TO DIE FOR HONOR OF MIKADO AND SUN-GOD! KEEP REPEATING DAY AFTER DAY ...
OF COURSE, WE WHO EDUCATED KNOW THERE IS NO SUN-GOD, AND HONORABLE MIKADO ONLY HUMAN!
QUIET, CAPTAIN BUSHIRO!
DO NOT REPEAT SUCH THOUGHTS! DO NOT EVEN THINK THEM! THEY ARE MOST DANGEROUS OF ANY!
WILL REMEMBER AND OBEY, COLONEL WATARI!
SO SOME OFFICERS DON'T BELIEVE THE NONSENSE... EVEN THOUGH THEY TELL IT TO THEIR MEN! VERY INTERESTING... I'LL HAVE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THIS CAPTAIN BUSHIRO!
A FEW MORE ITEMS OF INFORMATION... AND THEN GUERRILLA ACTS!
WHA..?
3

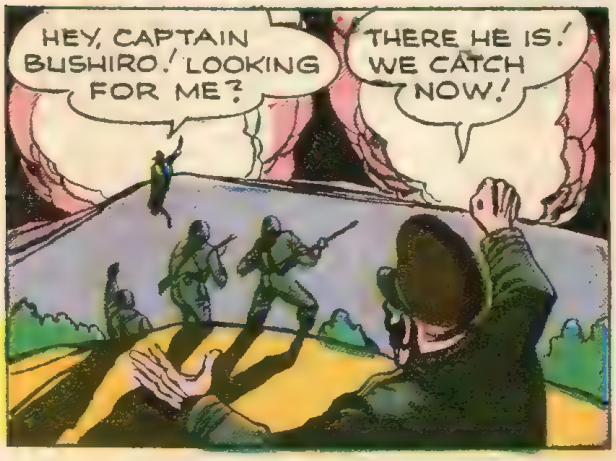

PAPER WRAP AROUND SMALL AMERICAN COIN... SYMBOL OF GUERRILLA!
GIVE HERE, QUICK!


HA... HE WRITE TO ME! WONDER WHY?
CAPTAIN BUSHIRO: WE'VE GOT A NICE JAIL CELL WAITING FOR YOU... AND FOR YOUR MIKADO, TOO! IF YOU WANT TO TALK IT OVER, I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU!
Guerrilla
P.S. PLEASE DON'T COMMIT HARA-KIRI- I WANT SOME PRISONERS


HE THROW PAPER FROM CLOSE BY... SEARCH BUSHES! WILL TEACH THIS GUERRILLA NOT TO JEST AT MIKADO!


NOT HERE, HONORABLE CAPTAIN!
CONTINUE TO LOOK! CANNOT ESCAPE SO SOON!


POOR FELLOWS, THEY DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE I SHOT THAT MESSAGE FROM WAY UP HERE, OUT OF THIS MORTAR! PERHAPS I'D BETTER LET THEM KNOW WHERE I AM!


HEY, CAPTAIN BUSHIRO! LOOKING FOR ME?
THERE HE IS! WE CATCH NOW!


THEY WERE A BIT SLOW ON THE UPTAKE, BUT THEY'RE AFTER ME AT LAST! NOW TO SURPRISE THEM!

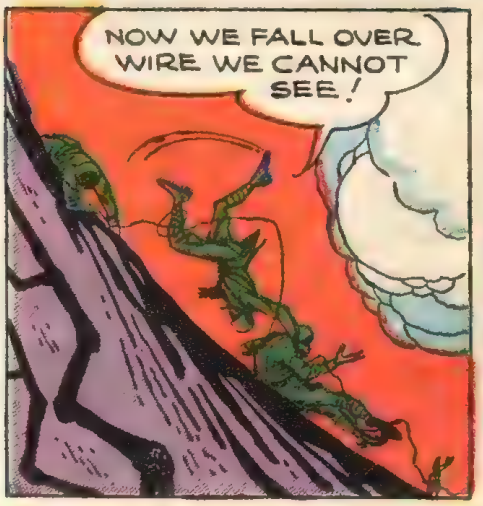

AI! GUERRILLA LEAD US INTO TRAP!
BOOM!


AH... CHOO!
AH... CHOO! BUT NOBODY HURT, HONORABLE CAPTAIN! JUST FORCED TO MAKE SNEEZE!
AH-CHOO!


GUERRILLA MAKE FUN OF US! THINK HE CLEVER! BUT JAPANESE MORE CLEVER THAN ANY AMERICAN!


ALSO, WE HAVE GLORIOUS SUN-GOD AND MIKADO TO HELP US! AFTER HIM... AND WHEN WE CATCH, GUERRILLA MAKE NO MORE JOKES.

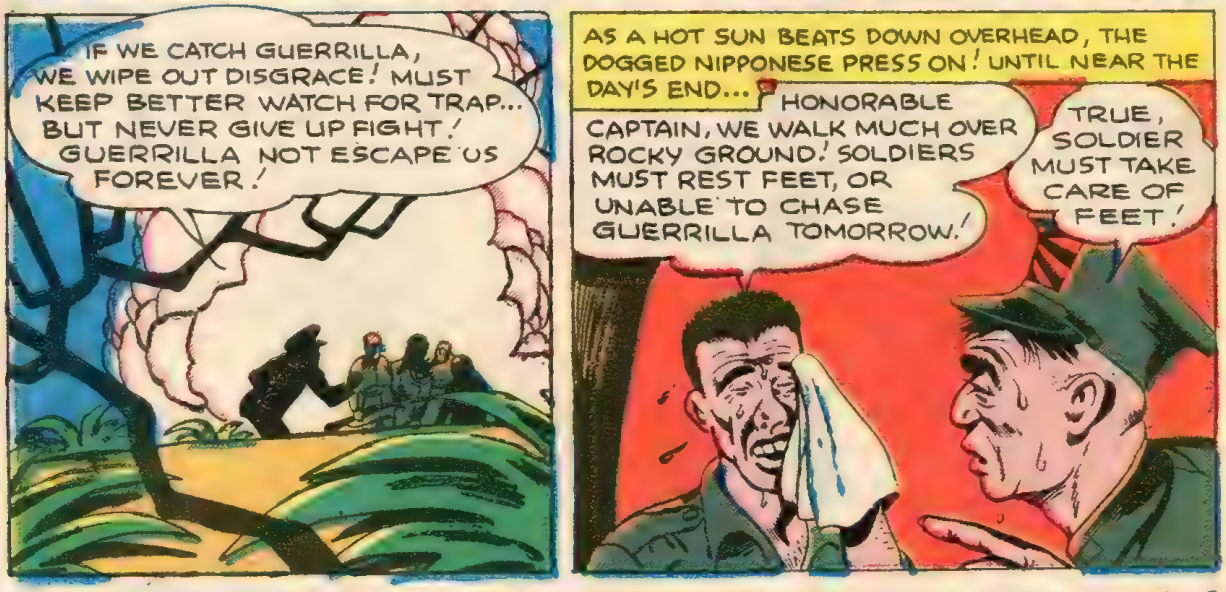

BUT AS THE ENRAGED MINIONS OF THE MIKADO RUSH ALONG IN VAIN PURSUIT...
YIIII... WE FALL INTO OTHER TRAP!

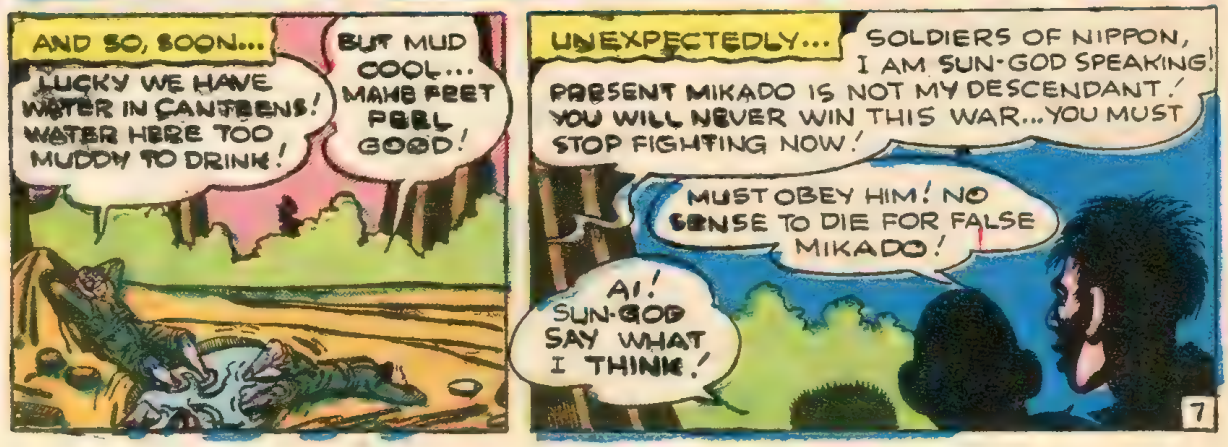

NOW WE FALL OVER WIRE WE CANNOT SEE!


NEVER MIND! SOON WE LEARN TO AVOID GUERRILLA'S TRAPS, AND THEN...


QUIET, EVERYBODY! THEY'LL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW!
GUERRILLA'S VOICE... AND HE NOT KNOW WE HERE! DROP TO GROUND, QUICK!
WHEN YOU NATIVES PUT ON THESE UNIFORMS, THE RESEMBLANCE TO JAPS WILL BE PERFECT! SO YOU'LL JUST WALK RIGHT OUT AND GREET THEM... PRETEND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME...
HA! THIS ONE TRAP WORK WRONG WAY!
AND SO, SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER...
WONDER IF GUERRILLA AMONG THEM DISGUISED! WE SEE SOON... BUT NOW QUIET, UNTIL I GIVE ORDER!
CLOSE ENOUGH... FIRE!!
AAA...
BANG!
RAT-A-TAT
ALL DEAD... WE SCORE EASY VICTORY! NOW WE SEARCH BODIES FOR GUERRILLA!
BUT SECONDS LATER...
HONORABLE CAPTAIN, THIS VERY STRANGE THING!


PAPERS ON BODY SAY THIS MAN IS CAPTAIN WAKIMO OF JAPANESE ARMY INTELLIGENCE!
WHA..? THIS MEAN...
THIS MEAN WE KILL REAL JAPANESE SOLDIERS! GUERRILLA KNOW I OVER-HEAR HIM... SAY THINGS TO LEAD US INTO TRAP ONCE MORE!
YES, HONORABLE CAPTAIN! WE ARE DISGRACED....ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
YES, MUST COMMIT HARA-KIRI!
NO, THERE IS SOME-THING ELSE!


IF WE CATCH GUERRILLA, WE WIPE OUT DISGRACE! MUST KEEP BETTER WATCH FOR TRAP... BUT NEVER GIVE UP FIGHT! GUERRILLA NOT ESCAPE US FOREVER!
AS A HOT SUN BEATS DOWN OVERHEAD, THE DOGGED NIPPONESE PRESS ON! UNTIL NEAR THE DAY'S END...
HONORABLE CAPTAIN, WE WALK MUCH OVER ROCKY GROUND! SOLDIERS MUST REST FEET, OR UNABLE TO CHASE GUERRILLA TOMORROW!
TRUE, SOLDIER MUST TAKE CARE OF FEET!


AND SO, SOON...
LUCKY WE HAVE WATER IN CANTEENS! WATER HERE TOO MUDDY TO DRINK!
BUT MUD COOL... MAKE FEET FEEL GOOD!
UNEXPECTEDLY...
SOLDIERS OF NIPPON, I AM SUN-GOD SPEAKING! PRESENT MIKADO IS NOT MY DESCENDANT! YOU WILL NEVER WIN THIS WAR...YOU MUST STOP FIGHTING NOW!
MUST OBEY HIM! NO SENSE TO DIE FOR FALSE MIKADO!
AI! SUN-GOD SAY WHAT I THINK!


STUPID ONES! THAT IS NOT SUN-GOD SPEAKING! EDUCATED PERSONS KNOW SUN HELD UP IN SKY BY NEWTON'S LAW OF GRAVITY, NOT COME DOWN TO SPEAK TO FOOLISH MEN.'
SEE... VOICE COME FROM PHONOGPAPH! NO SUCH THING AS SUN-GOD.'
BUT YOU TELL US MUST FIGHT FOR HIM...
YOU WEREN'T FIGHTING FOR THE SUN-GOD, BUT FOR THE JAP WAR-LORDS! WEREN'T THEY, BUSHIRO?
AAAA...
IF SOME OF YOU WANT TO KEEP ON GETTING KILLED FOR THOSE RATS... I'M WILLING TO OBLIGE! BUT THE REST OF YOU WANT TO QUIT, DON'T YOU, BOYS?
YES, GUERRILLA, CAPTAIN BUSHIRO FOOL US ABOUT SUN-GOD! WE NO FIGHT FOR WAR LORDS!
ALSO CANNOT FIGHT IF WANT! FEET STUCK IN MUD... NO CAN STAND UP!
I KNOW... I FIGURED THAT A FEW OF YOU DIEHARDS MIGHTN'T WANT TO GIVE UP, SO I MIXED PLASTER OF PARIS WITH THE MUD, TO KEEP YOU IN YOUR PLACES! I'LL HAVE TO CHOP YOU OUT!
WE NO STAND CHANCE AGAINST YOU, GUERRILLA... GLAD WE SUR-RENDER!
LATER...
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, GUERRILLA, BUT THIS BATCH OF PRISONERS IS TALKING PLENTY!
ONCE THEY GET THE IDEA THEY'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED BY THE MIKADO, AND CAN'T WIN, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT THEY'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THAT SON OF THE SUN.'

FREE to Boys

How to Play Baseball Like a Big-Leaguer!

FREE BOOK shows you IN PICTURES how great stars play every position—how YOU can become the "big-league" hero on *your* team. Get YOUR copy NOW!



CARL HUBBELL'S SCREWBALL



FREE BOOK shows — IN WONDERFUL CLOSE-UP PICTURES—how "KING CARL" throws his strike-'em-out Screwball ALSO the winning pitches of other mound stars!

HOW STAN HACK STEALS BASES

Speedy, base-stealing star of the *Chicago Cubs*—and how he steals, slides, and grabs an extra bag, before the opposing team knows what's happened! All in swell, clear pictures YOU can follow!



MORT COOPER'S CURVE BALL



FREE BOOK shows just how the *Cardinals* ace pitcher holds the ball, and then lets it go! How BUCKY WALTERS throws his sinker! ALSO how the stars pitch fast-balls, knuckle-balls, slow-balls, drops, in-shoots, other trick stuff!

HOW "SLATS" MARION BUNTS



How he places hands, bunts, then streaks for first — cashing in for *Cardinals'* These pictures show how YOU can be a star bunter too!

BOY—WHAT A FREE BOOK!!

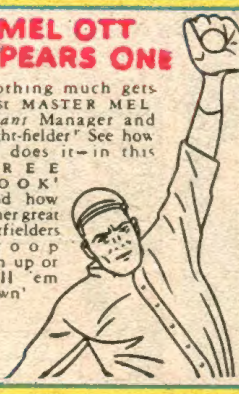
Shows you—WITH MARVELOUS CLOSE-UP PICTURES—how big-leaguers play EVERY position. Expert stuff—written simple as A.B.C. by famous sports-writer Garry Schumacher of N.Y. Journal-American.

How players mentioned above won their fame. How GEORGE McQUINN, of pennant-winning *Browns* plays first base. How AL LOPEZ, of *Pirates*, catches. FREE BOOK *also* tells how to keep score, secrets of big-league strategy, tricks of signalling, team play, exact distances between positions on field, etc.

Get this FREE BOOK NOW—learn secrets that can make YOU big-league star of your own team! BE THE FIRST among all your pals to get YOUR copy!

MEL OTT SPEARS ONE

Nothing much gets past MASTER MEL *Giant* Manager and right-fielder! See how he does it—in this FREE BOOK! And how other great outfielders scoop 'em up or pull 'em down!



DIXIE WALKER'S BATTING GRIP



When you slug .357 for the season and lead both major leagues you've GOT something! FREE BOOK shows this *Brooklyn Dodgers* star's batting grip and how he knocks the cover off the ball!

TAKE THIS "FREE BOOK" COUPON TO YOUR NEAREST THOM McAN STORE

Manager, Thom McAn Store: I want my copy of HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL LIKE A BIG-LEAGUER. This is FREE and I don't have to buy anything to get it.

Name_____

Address_____

Town or City_____ State_____

BOYS: Put your name and address on this coupon and TAKE it to any Thom McAn store in your town. But if there is NOT any Thom McAn store in your town at all then *mail* the coupon (WITH 10c in coin or stamps to cover postage and handling charges) to THOM McAN (Dept. NCG6) 23 West 43rd Street, New York 18, N.Y. Your free book will be mailed to you at once.

REMEMBER: No book can be *mailed* if there IS a Thom McAn store in your town. You must TAKE the coupon there!

Get this Wonderful FREE BOOK NOW!

Just TAKE this coupon to your nearest Thom McAn Shoe Store. The manager will give you your copy of this free book. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY A PAIR OF SHOES OR ANYTHING ELSE IN ORDER TO GET ONE. But while you are in the store (perhaps with your Dad or Mother) take a look at the swell moccasin we call "The Commando." It's sturdy and "commando-tough." Its "Mel-Flex" sole walks away from regular leather when it comes to long, hard wear.

Bring this coupon in RIGHT AWAY. Your book CANNOT be mailed if one of our 600 Thom McAn stores IS in your town. But if there is NOT one there, then mail the coupon (with 10c to cover postage and handling charges) direct to THOM McAN (Dept. NCG6) 23 W. 43rd Street, New York 18, N.Y.



WILL YOU WEAR THIS LOVELY

2-Way Jumper

ON APPROVAL



The illustration below shows how this sophisticated classic with open lapels can be changed into a demure feminine style with high round neck all through the simple but clever magic of buttons! Actually two jumpers in one!

IT'S SMART! IT'S GAY!
It's Different!

It's a smart gal who takes to jumpers for a trim, Hollywood-born fashion that can be worn everywhere, any time. But it's a *smarter* gal who owns a chic jumper that can change — presto! — into still another glamorous outfit!

This Jaunty Jumper only $7.98

DOUBLE-DUTY!...DOUBLE-BEAUTY!

Completely *new* is this Jaunty Jumper, gorgeously tailored to flatter your figure in exquisite feminine lines. Completely *different* because you have *two jumpers in one:* wear it with the lovely contrasting color lapels opened in classic style or button-closed into a demurely round neckline! Exclusively fashioned in crisp, fine-quality, all-season material that loves to "take it"! A slenderizing fitted waistband freedom-giving inverted pleat in the skirt add up to a knockout creation! Wear this sophisticated jumper and win compliments galore from men who admire your smart looks women who envy your dual personality fashion! An original by Bonnie Gaye. Sizes 12 through 20—and biggest of all surprises it's only $7.98 plus postage.

"BOW BLOUSE"—Tantalizing with its flattering high neck, perky bow, long full sleeves—it's a true complement to your jumper. In lustrous-rich rayon fabric. White only Sizes 32 to 40. Only $3.98

SEND NO MONEY—Check size and color choice and mail coupon today On arrival, pay postman C.O.D charges. Wear, compare. If a 10 day trial doesn't prove you've discovered the best buys ever, please return for full refund

10 DAYS' TRIAL

Yes, wear this Jaunty Jumper and "Bow Blouse" at MY RISK. If you are not completely satisfied in every way, return in 10 days and your full purchase price will be refunded BONNIE GAYE

Bonnie Gaye

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

BONNIE GAYE FASHIONS—Dept 171-HH
168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Please send smart 2-WAY JUMPER. I'll pay postman $7.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding I may return purchase for full refund if not satisfied in 10 days.

(Mark 1st and 2nd choice color selections)

Navy ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Black ☐

(Circle Size)

12 14 16 18 20

Please send "BOW BLOUSE" at $3.98 plus postage (White Only)

(Circle Size)

32 34 36 38 40

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

Note. Order 2 jumpers for only $14.50 plus postage ☐



. . . How do yuh say Cookies made with

CURTISS CANDY
Baby Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE
CURTISS CANDIES

Candy



RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS